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rishioners, a farmer's daughter, Swift was carried before a magistrate of the name of Dobbs, (in whose family the examinations taken on the occasion are said to be still extant at this day); and, to avoid the very serious consequences of this rash action, immediately resigned the prebend, and quitted the kingdom. This intelligence was communicated, and vouched as a fact well known in the parish even now, by one of Swift's successors in the living, and is rested on the authority of the present prebendary of Kilroot, February 6, 1785.

"The Rev. Mr. P—r, a successor of Dean Swift in the prebend of Kilroot, was the first circulator of this extraordinary story. He told the tale, among other public occasions, at the late excellent Bishop of Dromore's, who committed it to writing. His authority he alleged to be a Dean Dobbs, who, he stated, had informed him that informations were actually lodged before magistrates in the diocese of Down and Connor, for the alleged attempt at violation. But when the late ingenious Mr. Malone, and many other literary gentleman, began to press a closer examination of the alleged fact, the unfortunate narrator denied obstinately his having ever promulgated such a charge. And whether the whole story was the creation of incipient insanity, or whether he had felt the discredit attached to his tergiversation so acutely as to derange his understanding, it is certain the unfortunate Mr. P—r died raving mad, a patient in that very hospital for lunatics, established by Swift, against whom he had propagated this cruel calumny. Yet, although P—r thus fell a victim to his own rash assertions or credulity, it has been supposed that this inexplicable figment did really originate with Dean Dobbs, and that he had been led into a mistake, by the initial letters, J. S. upon the alleged papers, which might apply to Jonathan Snedley, (to whom, indeed, the tale has been supposed properly to belong), or to John Smith, as well as to Jonathan Swift. It is sufficient for Swift's vindication to observe, that he returned to Kilroot, after his resignation, and inducted his successor in face of the church and of the public; that he returned to Sir William Temple with as fair a character as when he had left him; that during all his public life, in England and Ireland, where he was the butt of a whole faction, this charge was never heard of; that when adduced so many years after his death, it was unsupported by aught but sturdy and general averment; and that the chief propagator of the calumny first retracted his assertions, and finally died insane."

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

He comes not; I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not; once it was not so;
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep,
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
Oh, how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me; now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
But yet, I cannot hate: oh there were hours
When I could hang for ever on his eye,
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then; he loved me too; my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often stings me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and wastes upon the vile
Caresses which his babe and mine should share.
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness; and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been.

EMIGRATION.

In a recent number of our Journal, we extracted from a Canada paper, of the preceding month, some particulars important to persons intending to emigrate: the following is from the *Montreal Daily Advertiser*, and will enable those of the humbler classes to calculate what they may expect as a remuneration for their labour on the other side of the Atlantic:—

We took occasion a few days since to notice a statement which appeared in the *Quebec Gazette*, that wages did not amount to more than ten pence or a shilling a day, with food. We cautioned those who are in any way interested in the matter not to permit the idea to enter into their minds, that the said rate indicated that which prevailed all over the country, particularly in Upper Canada. Since then we have seen the following notice in some of the Upper Canada papers, and as there can be no deception, we insert it:—

Emigrant Office, Toronto, June 15, 1854.

NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS IN WANT OF WORK.—Emigrants in want of employment are informed that the Grand River Navigation Company have advertised for one thousand labourers, who will meet with immediate employment at three pounds, currency, per month, and board. Several hundred labourers are also wanted on the *Welland Canal*, at the same rate of wages. Emigrants desirous of availing themselves of the above offer, should proceed by way of the Welland Canal, and land at Port Robinson. There is also a great demand for mechanics at Hamilton, Dundas, Ancaster and Brentford. Farm labourers are much wanted in the neighbourhood of these towns. For further information emigrants are directed to apply to Mr. Cattermole, at Hamilton.

A. B. HAWKE, *Emigrant Agent.*

Most of our readers are aware that a considerable amount of distress has occasionally prevailed in the cities of Quebec and Montreal among the immigrants of the current year. It is also well known that the rate of wages, in most kinds of employment, are decidedly low, compared with the rates in Upper Canada. The cause of these two states of things is one, namely, the influx of the competitors for employment, with their families, without the means of carrying them to parts of the country where their labour is in demand and well remunerated. Latterly, the emigrant societies—their power of doing being greatly increased by the sums placed at their disposal by the legislature—have done much to mitigate distress, by forwarding immigrants to different parts of the country.

ROSS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Curious account of the erection of the walls and fortifications of New Ross, in the year 1265, founded on an ancient French poem, supposed from the pen of Father Michael Kyldare, who was an eye witness, and therefore of undoubted authority.

Among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum is preserved a highly curious volume, towards the close of which occurs an interesting poem, written in the Norman, or ancient French language, contributing, in a remarkable degree, to throw an illustration on the early topography and history of the town of New Ross, county of Wexford, Ireland.

The poem is founded on a quarrel which occurred there between Sir Morice and Sir Walter, A. D. 1265.—This is not a very accurate description, since the object of the writer was not to relate a quarrel between two anonymous knights, but to give a detailed narrative of the erection of the fortifications and walls of Ross, occasioned by the dread felt by the inhabitants, lest the unprotected and open situation of the place might cause them to suffer from a feud, then raging with violence, between two powerful barons, Maurice Fitzmaurice the

chief of the Geraldine faction,* and Walter de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, whose deadly wars, in the year 1264, wrought bloodshed and trouble throughout the realm of Ireland. The turbulent violence of the former party proceeded to such a height, that on the interposition of Richard de Repella, (called also Capella Rochel and des Roches), the chief justiciary, the Geraldines not only slighted his authority, but forcibly seized on his person, and placed him, with several others, (among whom was Richard de Burgo, son of Walter,) in confinement.

The very inadequate means possessed by the English sovereigns of quelling this spirit of discord, is sufficiently evident during the whole of the early period of Irish history, and more particularly during the reign of Henry the Third. By the appointment of Sir David Barry, in 1267, to the office of Justiciary, the violence of the Geraldines seems in some degree to have been controuled, and in a measure lessened; but the weakness of the king's representatives, in attempting to subdue the feuds of these turbulent barons, is clearly manifested by the rapid changes which took place during this period in the office of Justiciary, a fresh-successor being nominated nearly every twelve months. At length, either from the increasing ascendancy of the Geraldines, or what is more probable, from the policy of the English monarch, Maurice Fitzmaurice was constituted the royal deputy in 1272. He appears to have taken advantage of this mark of favour to revenge himself on the O'Brien's, his hereditary enemies; but being in his own turn betrayed by some of his followers, he was, in the succeeding year, A. D. 1273, taken prisoner, and obliged to give satisfaction for the deaths of his opponents. After a fresh series of similar contests, he died in the town of Ross, A. D. 1286; and the same year proved fatal to his son, Gerald Fitzmaurice, and his son-in-law, Thomas de Clare.

His adversary, Walter de Burgh, who married the daughter of Hugh de Lacy, and in her right inherited the earldom of Ulster, on her father's death, in 1264, was involved in the same scene of bloodshed; and on the cessation of the feud with the Geraldines, laid claim to the territories of Connaught, but being opposed by the O'Connors, and defeated in a conflict, he did not long survive, but after a week's illness, expired in his castle of Galiway, 26th of July, 1271, and was interred in the abbey of Althafil.

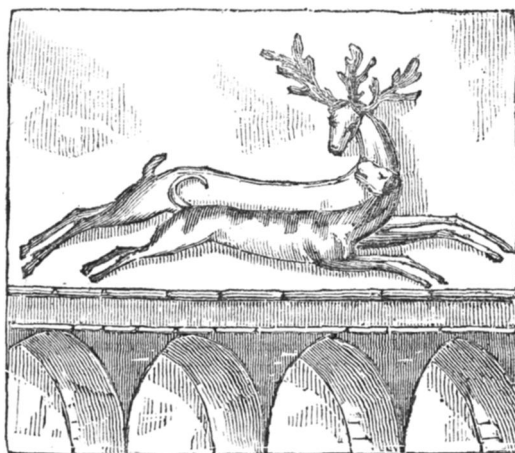
These historical data sufficiently confirm the account of the poet, in ascribing the erection of the walls of Ross to this troublesome period; and prove Camden to have been mistaken when he states that the walls were built by Isabel, daughter of Richard, Earl Strongbow.†

So little is known of the early history of New Ross, it is merely described by all topographers as having once been a place of great strength and extent, situated in a large ravine, formed by the junction of the rivers Barfow and Nore. Of its high walls and frowning towers and gates some remains continue until the present day. It was a place of considerable trade so early as the reign of Henry Fifth, and obtained charters from several of the English sovereigns, the earliest of which is supposed to be that of Henry the Fourth. Its port is so capacious that ships of nine hundred tons burden may come up to the quay; but the commerce of the town decreased, subsequently, to such a degree, that in 1776 we only find five or six brigs were to be seen in it. It has since rapidly improved, for upwards of thirty large ships, chiefly employed in emigration, belong to the merchants of the town. The port has also been lately opened, as previously it was in dependance to Waterford.

* Sir James Ware calls him Earl of Desmond, and says he was drowned in 1263, while crossing from Ireland to Wales; but both these errors are corrected by Cox. The first Earl of Desmond was Maurice Fitzthomas, created by Edward the Third, August 27, 1329.

† Grose, in his *Antiquities*, Vol. 1, page 59, repeats an absurd variation of the same tradition, ascribing the inclosure of New Ross, with a wall, to Rose Macrue, sister of Strongbow, in the year 1310, who is said also to have built Hook Tower, in the same county, and to have been buried at Ross, in the church of St. Saviour's.

THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF ROSS.



Among the collection of the second Randle Holmes, for the city of Chester, (MS. Harleian, 2173, fol. 42,) is a copy of "a certyficat from the souveraine (mayor) of New Ross, alias Ross Ponte, in Ireland, to show how wee be free with them, and they with the city of Chester, of all customs," 29 Eliz. 1587, A. D. A seal was appended to the document, with the arms of Ross, being a greyhound pulling down a stag, and beneath, a bridge raised on several arches, from which bridge the appellation of Ross Pont was doubtless derived. Round the edge we read, "S. Office:....Superiour, Newe Rosse." In 1257 the Franciscans are said to have settled there; and a convent of St. Augustine's was founded in the reign of Edward the Third. Sir John Devereux subsequently erected the convent of St. Saviour on the site of the Franciscan monastery, and part of it is still appropriated to the use of a parish church. The more modern history of this place is chiefly remarkable for the defence made against the misguided peasantry on the 6th of June, 1798, by the garrison and inhabitants under the command of General Sir William Johnson, Bart.

The author of the poem commences in the following abrupt manner; "I have an inclination to write in romance, if it pleases you to hear me; for a story that is not listened to is of no more value than a berry. I pray you, therefore, to give attention, and you shall hear a fine adventure of a town in Ireland, the most beautiful of its size that I know in any country. Its inhabitants were alarmed by the feud existing between two barons, whose names you see here written, Sir Maurice and Sir Wauter. The name of this town I will now disclose to you—it is called Ros—it is the New Pont de Ross." He then proceeds to relate how the principal men of the town, together with the commonalty, assembled to take measures for their safety; and they resolved to surround the town with mortar and stone. They commenced, accordingly, on the feast of the Purification, (February 2, A. D. 1265,) and marked out the fosse or line of circumvallation.—Workmen were speedily hired, and above an hundred each day came out to labour, under the direction of the Burgesses. When this step was taken they again assembled, and determined to establish a bye law; such (says the poet,) as was never heard of in England or France; which was publicly proclaimed the next day to the people, and received with applause; this law was as follows: "That on the ensuing Monday, the vintners, the mercers, the merchants, and the drapers should go and work at the fosse, from the hour of prime till noon." This was readily complied with, and above one thousand men," (writes the poet,) "went out to work every Monday with brave banners, and great pomp, attended by flutes and tabors. So soon as the hour of noon had sounded, these fine fellows returned home, with their banners borne before them, and the young men singing loudly and caroling through the town. The priests, also, who accompanied, fell to work at the fosse, and laboured right well, more so than the others, being young and skilful, of tall stature, strong, and well housed. The mariners, likewise, proceeded in good array